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RED RIVER REBELLIONS.

At the present time, when the news of a combined Half-breed and Indian rising in the Canadian North-west is exciting both interest and alarm, it may be appropriate briefly to relate the causes which led to, and the results which were brought about by, the somewhat similar movement, known as the Red River Rebellion, which took place in what is now the province of Manitoba in the years 1869 and 1870.

To help the better understanding of the matter, it may be necessary to remind the reader that Charles II., in the year 1670, gave a charter to a corporation which had then been newly formed under the title of the 'Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.' By this charter he granted to that body the exclusive right and privilege of trading over a vast but undefined tract of country which now forms the greater part of the Dominion of Canada. For close upon two centuries the 'Hudson's Bay Company,' as it is still called, enjoyed its huge monopoly, and was able at times to pay very large dividends to its shareholders. The Company's claim to the territory in question was, however, by no means an undisputed one. As early as the year 1749, a Select Committee of the House of Commons inquired into and reported upon the state of the country occupied by the Company and the trade carried on therein. Many high authorities maintained that the Company's charter gave to it no actual territorial possession; but, in spite of this, the Company continued, until the last few years, to exercise a sole control over its vast and silent territories, which it governed exactly in the way that pleased it best. But the days of monopolies had largely gone by; and some forty or fifty years ago, complaints began to be heard to the effect that it was scandalous that so enormous an extent of country should be left entirely in the hands of a commercial Company, consisting merely of a few private individuals; that the Company had not in all cases exercised its authority on the side of justice; and that it

was habitually accustomed to do all that lay within its power to prevent the carrying out of projects likely to advance the prosperity of the country, being over-careful of its own interests, and jealous of all competition. The whole question, however, found a solution in the year 1869, when, following upon an exhaustive inquiry which had taken place before another Select Committee in the year 1857, it was mutually agreed that the Company should surrender almost the whole of its territorial rights to the government of the Dominion of Canada in return for a money-payment of three hundred thousand pounds. It was the method adopted for carrying out the conditions of this agreement which, in the first instance, occasioned the Red River Rebellion.

There were at that time (1869) many old servants of the Company and others settled around its chief trading-station, Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—and along the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine. Many of these were Scotch; others had come up from the eastern provinces of Canada; a few were Americans; but a very large number—some thousands—were Metis, or French Half-breeds—descendants of the earliest servants of the Company, who had come up from the French-speaking province of Quebec, and who, when they had served their time, had married Indian wives and settled down in the country. The children resulting from these unions presented many marked peculiarities of their own. They possessed in some degree the characteristics both of the white and of the red skinned races; but their general habits, mode of life, and physique were those of the Indian rather than of the white man. They usually dressed in trousers of a dark-blue cloth, with a heavy woollen shirt of the same colour. In this they followed more or less the ways of civilised man; but the Indian love of finery showed itself in the bright brass buttons, the scarlet waist-sash, and the bead-worked leggings and moccasins with which they adorned themselves. Their wants were few. Rome was their church. The Hudson's Bay Company was their

government. Three-quarters hunter and one-quarter farmer, their sharpened senses and trusty rifles enabled them to procure most of their few necessities; and the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they supplied their remaining wants, afforded them the requisite market for the disposal of their furs. These men naturally heard with alarm that a fresh power, of which they knew nothing, was about to enter in and rule over them. They neither knew nor cared anything about the government of Canada; they merely knew that 'the Company' and themselves had long occupied and possessed the whole region; and what security had they that the new authority, which they heard was coming up to apportion their country off into square farms, would pay any heed to their claims?

The transfer of the territory from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian government was effected about the middle of the year 1869. A number of land-surveyors were at once despatched to commence surveying the country; and a complete government, consisting of governor, ministers, secretaries, and all other functionaries, few of whom had any acquaintance with the freshly-acquired region, was formed in Ottawa, and despatched in a body to take possession of the new territory. This abortive government reached Saint Paul, in the State of Minnesota (four hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Garry, but at that time the nearest point of railway), early in the following October, and there commenced to make preparations for its long journey over the prairies. But news of its advent went on before; and the arrival of the information at Fort Garry fanned into the full blaze of rebellion the smouldering embers of ignorant prejudice and alarm. The Half-breeds held excited meetings, at which it was decided to oppose—by force, if need be—the entrance of the governor, the Honourable Mr MacDougal, into the country. A message to this effect was forwarded to that gentleman, and the track from the United States boundary was barricaded near the La Salle River, some ten miles south of the fort.

At this time there appeared one Louis Riel, a French Half-breed, who is described as being a man of considerably greater intelligence, force of character, and capacity for leadership than the average of the class to which he belonged. This man now assumed the direction of the movement. He does not seem to have conducted himself at first in a way that was particularly improper; but, as the weather grew colder, the Half-breeds found themselves in very poor winter-quarters at the La Salle River, and it was decided to retire upon Fort Garry. This was accordingly done on the 2d of November, Riel and about one hundred of his followers entering the open gates of the fort without the slightest opposition from the governor or other of the Company's officials. Once established in the large stone fort, the rebels found themselves in comfortable circumstances. They occupied a very strong position, the fort being bastioned and defended by a battery of thirteen six-pounders, and containing nearly four hundred Enfield rifles, and an abundance of ammunition, besides large quantities of supplies of all kinds, a well-filled safe, and an overflowing wine-cellar. Moreover, the possession of the fort gave to the

Half-breed leader the command of all the other inhabitants of the settlement, such as the Scotch, English, and Canadians, who had refused to join in the movement. These were accordingly imprisoned and otherwise ill-treated by Dictator Riel, who, like many other small people when placed in situations of authority, began to imagine himself a very important individual indeed, and proceeded to act accordingly. He called together a Convention and styled himself the 'President of the Republic of the North-west.' A 'Bill of Rights'—which, it must be admitted, formed the basis of the 'Manitoba Act' passed by the Dominion Parliament in the following year—was drawn up and passed. In short, the rebels were now complete masters of the situation, there being no force in the settlement capable of dislodging them.

The state of affairs was much aggravated by the insane proceedings of a certain Colonel Dennis, who was to have been 'Conservator of the Peace' under the new government. This gentleman entered the settlement about the end of December with a proclamation from Governor MacDougal authorising him to 'assault, fire upon, break into houses, and attack, arrest, disarm, and disperse people;' but, finding himself unable to carry out his injunctions, he wisely returned to Saint Paul, where he rejoined Mr MacDougal, who, with the rest of his government, set his face for home again.

Things continued to remain in this state through the whole of the winter. Riel, emboldened by the support of six or seven hundred armed followers, conducted himself in a most arbitrary manner, ruling with a high hand, and imprisoning at will those who would not support him. Both right and reason had, undoubtedly, to some extent been on the side of many of his earlier proceedings; and we might even now have felt some amount of admiration for the energy and ability he showed in carrying on the movement, had he not at last become intoxicated with his own successes, and been thereby led to commit an act by which he once for all alienated from his cause the sympathy of all law-abiding people. This act was the murder, in cold blood, of one Thomas Scott, a Canadian, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the overbearing Dictator. This unfortunate man was shot in front of the fort on the 4th of March 1870. Riel himself seems to have been ashamed of his deed; for, refusing permission to bury him to two clergymen that had asked to be allowed to do so, he pretended to have the body interred at night within the walls of the fort; but, in the following year, when the coffin was dug up with the intention of giving a proper burial to the remains it was supposed to contain, it was found to be empty.

Thus affairs went on at Fort Garry for over nine months. But energetic preparations had been made in Eastern Canada for the suppression of the revolt; and, soon after the opening of navigation on the Great Lakes, a force consisting of one battalion of regular infantry, two of Canadian militia, a few artillerymen, and some engineers—about fourteen hundred souls in all—set out for Fort Garry. The course to be followed on this expedition lay first by water up Lakes Huron and Superior, to Thunder Bay on the north-west coast of the latter, where now stands

the town of Port Arthur. From this point the little force had to traverse a veritable wilderness of glacier-scraped rocks, rushing rivers, countless lakes, and endless pine-forests, through which there were no roads, for full five hundred miles before it could reach Fort Garry—the easier means of approach, *via* Saint Paul, lying through United States territory, and being closed against an armed force. No supplies could be obtained on the route: everything, including canoes, provisions, munitions of war, and supplies of all kinds, had to be carried on men's shoulders across the innumerable 'portages.' Only those who—like the writer—have been over the line of railway which now traverses the region, can have any true conception of the difficulties of the route, although enough was said of them at the time, and prophecies concerning the total failure of the expedition were heard on all hands. But the little force was under the command of a man who looked upon difficulties only in the light of obstacles to be overcome. This man was none other than General Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley. In due time, therefore, the journey was accomplished, and accomplished at a marvellously small expense and without the loss of a man. On the 23d of August the expeditionary force arrived under the walls of Fort Garry, amid extravagant signs of rejoicing from the loyal portion of the inhabitants of the settlement. But the fort was then empty. Riel, with his few remaining followers, had rushed off only a few minutes before, and was then making the best of his way to the frontier, in order to seek refuge on American soil. Thus ended the Red River Rebellion of 1869-70.

Looking at the matter in an unbiased light, it cannot be denied that, at the outset, the Half-breeds had a certain amount of reason on their side. It does not appear that they had any greater grievances than the other inhabitants of the settlement who did not rise; but their ignorance led them to believe they had; and it is certain that the greater part of the blame for the whole affair is attributable to the eagerness of the Canadian officials to assume the government of the new territory. Captain Butler, who in his *Great Lone Land* has given us, from personal experience, one of the most readable accounts we have of the rebellion, says: 'The blame for having bungled the whole business belongs collectively to all the great and puissant bodies [concerned]. An ordinary, matter-of-fact, sensible man would have managed the whole affair in a few hours; but so many high and potent powers had to consult together—to pen despatches, to speechify, and to lay down the law about it—that the whole affair became hopelessly muddled.' Moreover, it is a fact that, as a result of the rising, the Half-breeds obtained all they asked. A grant of nearly a million and a half acres of land was made to them and to their children, two hundred and forty acres being given to each of the latter. Rumour says that children were lent by one family to another, and were thus counted several times over; consequently, the Commissioners reported unusual multiplying powers as one of the characteristics of the Half-breeds of the North-west! But the advantages obtained from the grant were almost *nil*. The reckless improvidence of the Half-breeds soon led

them to dispose of their lands, which were sold for merely nominal sums to the keen speculators who were soon in the field. Children of ten or twelve were allowed to go through all the legal farces connected with the sale of their lands, on the representation of the parents that they were unable to support their families without immediate help. At the present day, the ruined log shanties of the Half-breeds lie scattered in scores along the banks of the Assiniboine and the Red River, their owners, on the advent of the numerous white settlers, of whom they are by no means fond, having moved away to the more remote districts drained by the great Saskatchewan River, where they are now again creating a disturbance at the instigation of their old leader, Louis Riel, who, after ten years of banishment, returned to Winnipeg in the year 1883, while the writer was also on a visit to the city.

With regard to the movement now going on, it is difficult to give any reliable information. It is almost impossible to say what grievances—real or supposed—have occasioned it, or what it may lead to. It is certain, however, that so long as it is confined to the Half-breeds, it is not likely to be very serious: the only real danger lies in a general rising of the Indians throughout the North-west. If this once takes place, it is impossible to say where the matter will end. Thus far, it is true, the Canadian Indians—unlike those across the boundary-line—have always been fairly peaceable, largely because the conditions of their treaties with the government have been honestly observed; but still more because, for two centuries past, they have been in daily contact, for purposes of mutual advantage, with the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. This latter fact is too often overlooked. But it is probable that even the Canadian Indians, in spite of their quiet and orderly conduct, were never in a worse condition than they are now. Although they are partially fed and maintained by government, the buffalo and the other large game-animals, which formerly supplied nearly all their wants, have been now killed off by the white men. This has brought many of the Indians down almost to starvation-point, and they are often compelled to use as food gophers and other small prairie animals. Consequently, it is not altogether surprising that some at least of the Indians should now be ready to join any demonstration of malcontents that may arise.

It may be well to point out that the difficulty of getting troops and supplies to the seat of the present rebellion will be much less than on the last occasion. A continuous line of railway now extends from the Atlantic seaboard to within two hundred miles of the centre of the existing disturbance, and Canada is now better prepared than she was fifteen years ago to suppress anything of the kind that may break out.

Civilisation has now completely overrun the scene of the last rising. A fine city of thirty thousand inhabitants surrounds the site of Fort Garry, the strong stone walls of which have entirely disappeared; and little now remains to mark the spot where it stood except the old-fashioned beam-and-plaster houses which were formerly used as stores and residences, and a few dismounted guns and rotting gun-carriages which are scattered around. The writer has seen

tram-cars running over the spot on which the ill-fated Thomas Scott met his death.

A considerable amount of needless alarm must have been occasioned in the minds of the parents and other relatives of the many young men who have recently emigrated to Manitoba by the appearance in most of the daily papers of paragraphs headed, 'Revolt in Manitoba.' As a matter of fact, Prince Albert, the point at which the rebellion broke out, is on the North Saskatchewan River, more than two hundred miles from the nearest part of Manitoba and nearly five hundred miles in a direct line from the city of Winnipeg. In any case, whatever development the rising may ultimately reach, the probabilities are that settlers in the province of Manitoba will not be placed in situations of real danger. The near proximity of the capital and of the railway, the comparatively small number of the combined Indians and Half-breeds, and the comparatively large number of whites in Manitoba, render it in every way likely that the movement will be confined to the wilder, more remote, and thinly settled districts lying to the north and west.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MARKHAM'S story was one which was very well known to Society—to which everything is known—though it had remained so long a secret, and was still a mystery to one of her children. Waring had been able to lose himself in distance, and keep his position concealed from every one; but it was clear that his wife could not do so, remaining as she did in the world which was fully acquainted with her, and which required an explanation of everything that happened. Perhaps it is more essential to a woman than to a man that her position should be fully explained, though it is one of the drawbacks of an established place and sphere, which is seldom spoken of, yet is very real, and one of the greatest embarrassments of life. So long as existence is without complications, this matters little; but when these arise, those difficulties which so often distract the career of a family, the inevitable explanations that have to be made to the little interested ring of spectators, is often the worst part of domestic trouble. Waring, whose temperament was what is called sensitive—that is, impatient, self-willed, and unenduring—would not submit to such a necessity. But a woman cannot fly; she must stand in her place, if she has any regard for that place, and for the reputation which it is common to say is more delicate and easily injured than is that of a man—and make her excuse to the world. Perhaps, as, sooner or later, excuses and explanations must be afforded, it is the wiser plan to get over them publicly and at once; for even Waring, as has been seen, though he escaped, and had a dozen years of tranquillity, had at the last to submit himself to the questions of Mr Durant. All that was over for these dozen years with Lady Markham. Everybody knew exactly what her position was. Scandal had never breathed upon

her, either at the moment of the separation or afterwards. It had been a foolish, romantic love-marriage between a woman of Society and a man who was half-rustic, half-scholar. They had found after a time that they could not endure each other—as anybody with a head on his shoulders could have told them from the beginning, Society said. And then he had taken the really sensible though wild and romantic step of banishing himself and leaving her free. There were some who had supposed this a piece of *bizarre* generosity, like the man, and some who thought it only a natural return to the kind of life that suited him best.

Lady Markham had, of course, been censured for this, her second marriage; and equally, of course, was censured for this breach of it; for the separation, which, indeed, was none of her doing; for retaining her own place when her husband left her; and, in short, for every step she had taken in the matter from first to last. But that was twelve years ago, which is a long time in all circumstances, and which counts for about a century in Society: and nobody thought of blaming her any longer, or of remarking at all upon the matter. The present lords and ladies of fashionable life had always known her as she was, and there was no further question about her history. When, in the previous season, Miss Waring had made her debut in Society and achieved the success which had been so remarkable, there was indeed a little languid question as to who was her father among those who remembered that Waring was not the name of the Markham family; but this was not interesting enough to cause any excitement. And Frances, still thrilling with the discovery of the other life, of which she had never suspected the existence, and ignorant even now of everything except the mere fact of it, suddenly found herself embraced and swallowed up in a perfectly understood and arranged routine in which there was no mystery at all.

'The first thing you must do is to make acquaintance with your relations,' said Lady Markham next morning at breakfast. 'Fortunately, we have this quiet time before Easter to get over all these preliminaries. Your aunt Cavendish will expect to see you at once.'

Frances was greatly disturbed by this new discovery. She gave a covert glance at Markham, who, though it was not his habit to appear so early, had actually produced himself at breakfast to see how the little one was getting on. Markham looked back again, elevating his eyebrows, and not understanding at first what the question meant.

'And there are all the cousins,' said the mother, with that plaintive tone in her voice. 'My dear, I hope you are not in the way of forming friendships, for there are so many of them! I think the best thing will be to get over all these duty introductions at once. I must ask the Cavendishes—don't you think, Markham?—to dinner, and perhaps the Peytons—quite a family party.'

'Certainly, by all means,' said Markham; 'but first of all, don't you think she wants to be dressed?'

Lady Markham looked at Frances critically from her smooth little head to her neat little shoes. The girl was standing by the fire, with her head reclined against the mantel-piece of

carved oak, which, as a 'reproduction,' was very much thought of in Eaton Square. Frances felt that the blush with which she met her mother's look must be seen, though she turned her head away, through the criticised clothes.

'Her dress is very simple; but there is nothing in bad taste. Don't you think I might take her anywhere as she is? I did not notice her hat,' said Lady Markham with gravity; 'but if that is right—Simplicity is quite the right thing at eighteen'—

'And in Lent,' said Markham.

'It is quite true; in Lent, it is better than the right thing—it is the best thing.—My dear, you must have had a very good maid. Foreign women have certainly better taste than the class we get our servants from. What a pity you did not bring her with you. One can always find room for a clever maid.'

'I don't believe she had any maid; it is all out of her own little head,' said Markham. 'I told you not to let yourself be taken in. She has a deal in her, that little thing.'

Lady Markham smiled, and gave Frances a kiss, enfolding her once more in that soft atmosphere which had been such a revelation to her last night. 'I am sure she is a dear little girl, and is going to be a great comfort to me.—You will want to write your letters this morning, my love, which you must do before lunch. And after lunch, we will go and see your aunt. You know that is a matter of—what shall we call it, Markham?—conscience: with me.'

'Pride,' Markham said, coming and standing by them in front of the fire.

'Perhaps a little,' she answered with a smile; 'but conscience too. I would not have her say that I had kept the child from her for a single day.'

'That is how conscience speaks, Fan,' said Markham. 'You will know next time you hear it.—And after the Cavendishes?'

'Well—of course, there must be a hundred things the child wants.—We must look at your evening dresses together, darling. Tell Josephine to lay them out and let me see them. We are going to have some people at the Priory for Easter; and when we come back, there will be no time. Yes, I think on our way home from Portland Place, we must just look into—a shop or two.'

'Now my mind is relieved,' Markham said.—'I thought you were going to change the course of nature, Fan.'

'The child is quite bewildered by your nonsense, Markham,' the mother said.

And this was quite true. Frances had never been on such terms with her father as would have entitled her to venture to laugh at him. She was confused with this new phase, as well as with her many other discoveries: and it appeared to her that Markham looked just as old as his mother. Lady Markham was fresh and fair, her complexion as clear as a girl's, and her hair still brown and glossy. If art in any way added to this perfection, Frances had no suspicion of such a possibility. And when she looked from her mother's round and soft contour to the wrinkles of Markham, and his no-colour and indefinite age, and heard him address her with that half-caressing, half-bantering equality, the girl's mind grew more and more hopelessly

confused. She withdrew, as was expected of her, to write her letters, though without knowing how to fulfil that duty. She could write (of course) to her father. It was of course, and so was what she told him. 'We arrived about six o'clock. I was dreadfully confused with the noise and the crowds of people. Mamma was very kind. She bids me send you her love. The house is very fine, and full of furniture, and fires in all the rooms; but one wants that, for it is much colder here. We are going out after luncheon to call on my aunt Cavendish. I wish very much I knew who she was, or who my other relations are; but I suppose I shall find out in time.' This was the scope of Frances' letter. And she did not feel warranted, somehow, in writing to Constance. She knew so little of Constance: and was she not in some respects a supplanter, taking Constance' place? When she had finished her short letter to her father, which was all fact, with very few reflections, Frances paused and looked round her, and felt no further inspiration. Should she write to Mariuccia? But that would require time—there was so much to be said to Mariuccia. Facts were not what she would want—at least, it would have to be facts of a different kind; and Frances felt that daylight and all the arrangements of the new life, the necessity to be ready for luncheon and to go out after, were not conditions under which she could begin to pour out her heart to her old nurse, the attendant of her childhood. She must put off till the evening, when she should be alone and undisturbed, with time and leisure to collect all her thoughts and first impressions. She put down her pen, which was not, indeed, an instrument she was much accustomed to wield, and began to think instead; but all her thinking would not tell her who the relatives were to whom she was about to be presented; and she reflected with horror that her ignorance must betray the secret which she had so carefully kept, and expose her father to further and further criticism.

There was only one way of avoiding this danger, and that was through Markham, who alone could help her, who was the only individual in whom she could feel a confidence that he would give her what information he could, and understand why she asked. If she could but find Markham! she went down-stairs, timidly flitting along the great staircase through the great drawing-room, which was vacant, and found no trace of him. She lingered, peeping out from between the curtains of the windows upon the leafless gardens outside in the spring sunshine, the passing carriages which she could see through their bare boughs, the broad pavement close at hand with so few passengers, the clatter now and then of a hansom, which amused her even in the midst of her perplexity, or the drawing up of a brougham at some neighbouring door. After a minute's distraction thus, she returned again to make further investigations from the drawing-room door, and peep over the balusters to watch for her brother. At last she had the good-luck to perceive him coming out of one of the rooms on the lower floor. She darted down as swift as a bird and touched him on the sleeve. He had his hat in his hand, as if preparing to go out. 'Oh,' she said in a breathless

whisper, 'I want to speak to you; I want to ask you something,' holding up her hand with a warning hush.

'What is it?' returned Markham, chiefly with his eyebrows, with a comic affectation of silence and secrecy which tempted her to laugh in spite of herself. Then he nodded his head, took her hand in his, and led her up-stairs to the drawing-room again. 'What is it you want to ask me? Is it a state secret? The palace is full of spies, and the walls of ears,' said Markham with mock solemnity, 'and I may risk my head by following you. Fair conspirator, what do you want to ask?'

'O Markham, don't laugh at me—it is serious. —Please, who is my aunt Cavendish?'

'You little Spartan!' he said; 'you are a plucky little girl, Fan. You won't betray the daddy, come what may. You are quite right, my dear; but he ought to have told you. I don't approve of him, though I approve of you.'

'Papa has a right to do as he pleases,' said Frances steadily; 'that is not what I asked you, please.'

He stood and smiled at her, patting her on the shoulder. 'I wonder if you will stand by me like that, when you hear me get my due?—Who is your aunt Cavendish? She is your father's sister, Fan; I think the only one who is left.'

'Papa's sister! I thought it must be—on the other side.'

'My mother,' said Markham, 'has few relations; which is a misfortune that I bear with equanimity. Mrs Cavendish married a lawyer a great many years ago, Fan, when he was poor; and now he is very rich, and they will make him a judge one of these days.'

'A judge,' said Frances. 'Then he must be very good and wise. And my aunt'—

'My dear, the wife's qualities are not as yet taken into account. She is very good, I don't doubt; but they don't mean to raise her to the Bench.—You must remember when you go there, Fan, that they are the other side.'

'What do you mean by the other side?' inquired Frances anxiously, fixing her eyes upon the kind, queer, insignificant personage, who yet was so important in this house.

Markham gave forth that little chuckle of a laugh which was his special note of merriment. 'You will soon find it out for yourself,' he replied; 'but the dear old mammy can hold her own.—Is that all? for I'm running off; I have an engagement.'

'Oh, not all—not half. I want you to tell me—I want to know—I—I don't know where to begin,' said Frances, with her hand on the sleeve of his coat.

'Nor I,' he retorted with a laugh.—'Let me go now; we'll find an opportunity. Keep your eyes, or rather your ears, open; but don't take all you hear for gospel.—Good-bye till to-night. I'm coming here to-night.'

'Don't you live here?' said Frances, accompanying him to the door.

'Not such a fool, thank you,' replied Markham, stopping her gently, and closing the door of the room with care after him as he went away.

Frances was much discouraged by finding

nothing but that closed door in front of her where she had been gazing into his ugly but expressive face. It made a sort of dead stop, an emphatic punctuation, marking the end. Why should he say he was not such a fool as to live at home with his mother? Why should he be so nice and yet so odd? Why had Constance warned her not to put herself in Markham's hands? All this confused the mind of Frances whenever she began to think. And she did not know what to do with herself. She stole to the window and watched through the white curtains, and saw him go away in the hansom which stood waiting at the door. She felt a vacancy in the house after his departure, the loss of a support, an additional silence and sense of solitude; even something like a panic took possession of her soul. The impulse was to rush up-stairs again and shut herself up in her room. She had never yet been alone with her mother except for a moment. She dreaded the (quite unnecessary, to her thinking) meal which was coming, at which she must sit down opposite to Lady Markham, with that solemn old gentleman, dressed like Mr Durant, and that gorgeous theatrical figure of a footman, serving the two ladies. Ah, how different from Domenico—poor Domenico, who had called her carina from her childhood, and who wept over her hand as he kissed it, when she was coming away. Oh when should she see these faithful friends again?

'I want you to be quite at your ease with your aunt Cavendish,' said Lady Markham at luncheon, when the servants had left the room. 'She will naturally want to know all about your father and your way of living. We have not talked very much on that subject, my dear, because, for one thing, we have not had much time; and because— But she will want to know all the little details. And, my darling, I want just to tell you, to warn you. Poor Caroline is not very fond of me. Perhaps it is natural. She may say things to you about your mother'—

'O no, mamma,' said Frances, looking up in her mother's face.

'You don't know, my dear. Some people have a great deal of prejudice. Your aunt Caroline, as is quite natural, takes a different view. I wonder if I can make you understand what I mean without using words which I don't want to use?'

'Yes,' said Frances; 'you may trust me, mamma; I think I understand.'

Lady Markham rose and came to where her child sat, and kissed her tenderly. 'My dear, I think you will be a great comfort to me,' she said. 'Constance was always hot-headed. She would not make friends, when I wished her to make friends. The Cavendishes are very rich; they have no children, Frances. Naturally, I wish you to stand well with them. Besides that I would not allow her to suppose for a moment that I would keep you from her—that is what I call conscience, and Markham calls pride.'

Frances did not know what to reply. She did not understand what the wealth of the Cavendishes had to do with it; everything else she could understand. She was very willing,

may, eager to see her father's sister, yet very determined that no one should say a word to her to the detriment of her mother. So far as that went, in her own mind all was clear.

(To be continued.)

FOUR VEINS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

AMERICAN humour is now a well-worn subject, but it is far from exhausted. The time for denying humour to the Americans is past; only the question remains: What is the nature of transatlantic humour? That is a far from easy question to answer. We shall not attempt to do so in this paper, except in so far as it will be answered in the specimens given. Our object is to say something about it, not to define it. In doing this we will point out some of the classes into which it may be divided.

(1.) *The Humour of Exaggeration.*—Exaggeration is perhaps the main element in American humour. The Yankees get the credit of being a nation of boasters, and some of the sayings of their wits bear out that reputation. Mr Lowell is an example in point. He tells us about a negro 'so black that charcoal made a white mark on him;' and in another place he describes a wooden shingle 'painted so like marble that it sank in the water.' He has many followers in working this particular vein. One writer gravely assures his readers that he knew 'a tree so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it.' The same trustworthy chronicler met in his travels with a boat which 'drew so little water that it could sail wherever there had been a heavy dew.' Another came in contact with a man 'so heavy that his shadow, falling on a boy, killed him.' The measure of guilt to be attached to this abnormal murderer would tax the skill of many a clever jurist. Of course, such sights are not to be seen, and such people are not to be met, out of that highly favoured region known as 'down East.' There are born the men who are bound to 'whip all creation.' They fulfil their destiny—in story-telling. Why fortune should be so kind to them is not apparent. Some would have us believe geography has something to do with the matter. The inhabitants of a large country must have large ideas and large modes of expression. In this little island we could hardly expect such happiness. It is told how a Yankee in England was afraid to take his morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another was asked if he had crossed the Alps. He guessed he did come over some 'risin' ground.' It is quite in keeping with the wonderful character of these wonderful sons of 'down East' that one of their children should leave home at the tender age of fifteen months because 'he was given to understand his parents intended to call him Caleb.' History is silent as to the fate of this prodigy. Doubtless, he will yet become President of the United States, if he has not set off on a tour of investigation to the moon. It may be, he wandered to Kentucky, and introduced the celebrated ointment which has given that State fame. This ointment has great efficacy.

If a dog's tail should by any mischance be cut off, it has only to be rubbed gently on the part where the caudal appendage used to wag, and lo! a new tail grows. It is quite likely he was the adventurous boy who plucked up an old tail and tried the ointment on it, with the result that it grew into a second dog so like the first that no one could tell which was which. This story reminds us of Josh Billings's testimonial to the efficacy of a certain kind of hair-oil: 'I rubbed a drop or two on the head of my cane, which has been bald for more than five years, and beggar me! if I don't have to shave the cane handle every day before I can walk out with it.'

These are some specimens of the humour of exaggeration. Many more could be given. We will only give two, both of which we saw lately in an American weekly. A man remarking on the cold weather, said: 'Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off.' The other describes a remarkable physical phenomenon: 'A man of our acquaintance—in fact, he was a cousin of Colonel McKinney—drank so much chalybeate water for his health that once, when in jail for stealing a cow, he opened a vein in his arm and extracted enough iron from the blood to make a crowbar, with which he broke his way out of prison.'

(2.) *The Humour of Surprise.*—This is the ludicrous effect of the combination of sense and nonsense, or of absurd statements made with an air of gravity. Artemus Ward furnishes us with an example. He tells of a young man who claimed exemption from conscription 'because he was the only son of a widowed mother who supported him.' The use of incongruous words often gives rise to this kind of humour. Artemus in courting his beloved Betsy informed her that she was a 'gazelle,' which, he remarks, 'I thought was putty fine.' In the heat of his love he passionately wished 'there were winders to my soul, so that you could see some of my feelings. There's fire enough in here to bile all the corn-beef and turnips in the neighbourhood. Vesovius and the critter ain't a circumstance to it.' So warm a declaration deserved an equally warm response. Betsy did not fail. She did not beat about the bush: 'You say rite strate out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in.' Artemus abounds in this kind of humour. At Richmond, after the siege, he met a 'cullered pusson,' and asked him: 'Do you realise how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?' The 'cullered pusson' answered he would take some gin.

(3.) *The Humour of Philosophy* is what in Scotland we would call pawkiness, dashed with a little wisdom. It accords well with the grave way Americans have of saying commonplaces as if they were some grand discovery; not but that these things are often cleverly put. Occasionally this philosophical humour takes the form of an epigram, as, 'Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors and their great descent, when in fact their great descent is just what is the matter with them.'

Such people are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic; they are by no means rare in this age of snobs. The touch of cynicism here is repeated in Dod Dile's well-known sayings: 'It is wicked to cheat on Sunday; the law recognises this fact, and shuts up the shops;' and, 'The symbol of charity should be a circle; it usually ends where it begins—at home.' Josh Billings is the best representative of this kind of humour. Some of his witty and wise opinions have a charm peculiar to themselves. They are in a special sense racy of the soil. According to him, 'It is dreadful easy to be a fool; a man can be a fool and not know it.' The vacuous youth and the masher hero of our day may be nothing the worse of reading, learning, and inwardly digesting this truth. 'If I was asked,' writes Josh, 'what was the chief end of man nowadays, I should immediately reply: "Ten per cent."' His views on 'female eddikashun' are worthy of notice: 'I haven't any doubt that you could eddikate wummin so muchly that they wouldn't know any more about gettin dinner than some ministers know about preaching; and while they might translate one ov Virgil's Eklogs tu a spot, they couldn't translate a baby out ov a cradle without it cum apart.' Nobody will quarrel with him for holding that 'there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.' Nor can any one doubt that 'misfortin and twins hardly ever cum singly.' From these and other philosophical deliverances, we might conclude that Josh would agree with Sarah Gamp in thinking life a wilderness where joy is quite unknown, did he not take care to warn us against such a mistake. "Man was made to mourn"—this was the private opinion of one Burns, a Skotchman, who was eddikated to poetry from his infancy. I and he differ, which is not uncommon among grate minds. . . . Man weren't made tew mourn; man was made tew laff.'

(4.) *The Humour of Spelling.*—Many of the American humorists indulge in eccentricities of style, laughing at the laws of grammar and spelling. It is plain there is not much fun in writing 'hence 4th,' or in putting 'goakin' for joking; yet in some cases there is a good deal of humour hidden behind the bad spelling. In the *Biglow Papers*, the spelling reproduces a characteristic dialect; but usually it is only a mechanical mode of raising a laugh. It is so also with Artemus Ward. Take, for example, the showman's letter to a country editor:

'I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjous excitement in yer paper 'bowt my onparaleld show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on them strong. Ef it's a temprance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born; but on the contrary, ef your people take their tots, say Mr Ward is as jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, and the life and sole of the showl bored. Ef you say anythin 'bowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmless as the new born babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfect subjeckshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever

saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloence. I repeat in regard to them handbills that I shall get 'em struck orf u top your printin offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.—Respectfully yures,
A. WARD.'

This kind of spelling has become so associated with American humour, that it is now generally regarded as part of it. Some defend it on the ground that it is the writer's only way of rendering the characteristics the actor can represent by his voice and manner.

This is but a brief and incomplete treatment of a large subject. It does not claim to be exhaustive; it only seeks to state something about, and give some specimens of, American humour, in order to induce the interested reader to follow out the subject for himself.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

TWELVE o'clock struck. The flagon was nearly empty, and Major Brand's head and arms reclined upon the table, as if slumber had overtaken him. With Everett it was different. True as steel to the friend who had sought his protection, he still watched, pondering over the probable chances of Cunningham's escape. The wind still blew high; but Hugh Everett heeded it not; he was wearily counting the measured tick of the clock, and inwardly hoping that the morning would relieve him of his unwelcome guests. Some unaccountable attraction seemed to fasten his eyes on the secret panel, and his fancy became so powerfully excited that he momentarily expected to see it open and the figure of Cunningham issue forth. This peculiar fascination might have continued until the Master dropped asleep through sheer exhaustion, had not his lethargy been dispelled by a sudden crash coming from behind the wainscoting. Everett rose quickly to his feet and gave a dismayed glance at the recumbent form of Major Brand. The officer's face was hidden, but his position, indicative of profound repose, remained unaltered. The Master hesitated, stopped to listen to the slumberer's low breathing, and then cautiously approached the hiding-place. In a minute the scene was changed. Suddenly springing to his feet and throwing open the door, the officer shouted for his subordinate.

'Where are the men?' demanded Brand.

'Down-stairs,' answered Humphries, in a voice thoroughly suited to his granite-faced aspect. 'They would not be withheld from the strong drink, and it hath overcome them.'

'How many sentries are there outside?'

'But two, your honour.'

The Republican officer uttered a fierce execration. 'Lock the door, Humphries!' he vociferated. 'We must settle this matter by ourselves.'

'What do you mean to do?' faltered Everett with bloodless lips.

'Bring hither your musket, Humphries. Batter the wall; and if the wood sounds hollow, beat it in.'

The Master sank helplessly into a chair, and vainly endeavoured, by covering his ears, to shut out the distracting sounds which accompanied the fulfilment of this order. Looking up after a short space, he became aware that the work was accomplished, and that a fresh drama was about to be enacted before his very eyes. On the floor lay the trooper's broken gunstock, which, wielded by his powerful arm, had produced a deplorable effect upon the panelling. An opening several feet square was now visible in the fractured oak. A cold tremor crept over Everett's limbs and seemed to deprive him of the power of motion. He watched the movements of the Republican officer and his follower vacantly, listening meanwhile to their voices as one who hears in a dream.

'How is this?' said the major. 'I cannot see the bottom of this Cimnerian pit.—Hold out the light, Humphries.'

An exclamation from both parties simultaneously followed.

'Yonder is a doorway!' ejaculated the trooper. 'Praised be the Lord, we have the Amalekite now!'

'Not yet,' quoth Brand. 'A pit yawns before us. How are we to cross it?'

'Bear a hand with that, worthy sir,' said Humphries, pointing to the long table. 'We'll soon make a roadway.'

By the united exertions of the two men the legs were quickly knocked off this useful article of furniture—one of Hugh Everett's particular treasures—which was then forced into the gap and laid across the chimney aperture.

'Take my pistol,' said Brand. 'Show the light on yonder doorway; and if the Malignant attempts to stop me, shoot him dead.'

Everett closed his eyes and gave Cunningham up for lost, little doubting that a few more minutes would decide his fate. Humphries knelt down, and with the one hand casting the light of the lamp full upon the entrance to the priest-hole, levelled his leader's long pistol with the other, and awaited the result. The Republican officer drew his sword and crossed the improvised bridge without any resistance. Roused to the highest pitch of anxiety for his friend's safety, Everett staggered towards the opening, only to see Major Brand come back begrimed and disappointed. *The priest-hole was empty.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE END OF THE GAME.

It is a favourite axiom with most people that a state of suspense is immeasurably worse than an absolute knowledge of the most dreadful certainty. The anxious time which had elapsed since their first alarm had been felt far more keenly by Cunningham than by even his sorely tried friend. The reckless disposition of the Cavalier was not proof against such emotions, and the faint sounds which occasionally reached

him served only to heighten his suppositions and make him become a prey to distressing doubt. More than once he had had recourse to Everett's leather flask; and the potency of its contents, while sustaining him throughout this ordeal, at length began to have an emboldening effect upon his nerves. Placing the flask in his pocket, he rose, and cautiously advanced until his feet encountered the beam that crossed the chimney. It was here that Cunningham became aware of a narrow streak of light, evidently issuing through a crack in the panel by which he had first entered on the opposite side. Guided solely by the sense of touch, he crept along the beam, and applying his eye to the crevice, saw enough to convince him of the near proximity of danger. Through the limited space afforded him for eyesight, he could just discern a strongly built man in military costume reclining in a position suggestive of his stopping there all night. Facing him was another person, whom Cunningham with little difficulty made out to be Master Hugh Everett. After satisfying himself thus far, the fugitive turned away, and was endeavouring to regain his former quarters, when a slight cracking came from the farther end of the log. In a moment Everett's warning, 'Trust not to it overmuch,' flashed across his mind. He made one desperate effort to reach the ledge, when with a crash the rotten beam gave way, and he was precipitated down the black chasm of the disused chimney.

A belief had been prevalent amongst Cunningham's friends that this adventurous gentleman was gifted with no fewer than nine lives. His invariable good fortune had not left him, for it was not even now destined that he should leave his bones at the bottom of Cottley chimney. The young royalist's precipitate downfall was sharply arrested by a large beam, across which he fell with a stunning shock—a beam similar to that which had just broken beneath him. Mechanically grasping it, the Cavalier, terribly shaken by his fall, lay for some time as if dead, happily unconscious of the thundering sounds which echoed from the fractured library panels above. At length, however, a few splinters of wood reached the beam upon which Cunningham rested, and these at once awoke his dormant energies. Feebly moving his stiffened limbs, the fugitive strove to restore his blood to some degree of circulation; and being partially successful in his efforts, he crawled a foot or two along the beam until his advance was stopped by the cold bare wall. The noise, together with the fall of rubbish, had now ceased, for a pause had been made in the attack, and Major Brand was preparing to cross. This fact, coupled with the scattered state of his senses, prevented Cunningham from taking the alarm that he would otherwise have done. Turning himself, the Cavalier once more crossed the black gulf, but only with the same result. On neither side was there the slightest projection by which he could effect an ascent. It happened, however, at this moment, as the much-enduring Cavalier was seated astride the beam, pondering moodily over his unpleasant situation, that his legs, which were dangling beneath him, struck against an iron rod, that descended from the log on which he sat into the unknown depths below.

'Good-luck!' quoth Cunningham, whose blood again glowed within him. 'There are two ends to a stick; down or up is all the same to me.'

Letting himself drop from his resting-place, the fugitive began his descent, and in a second or two his feet touched the ground, and Cunningham stood helplessly in the darkness, uncertain whether to advance, for fear of being precipitated into some invisible pit. Suddenly, as if by magic, a little speck of white moonlight flecks the floor; it is the orb of night breaking from a rack of clouds, and casting a solitary gleam through an opening in the face of the wall. Taking heart, Cunningham stepped forward, and with outstretched arms, slowly traversed the long unseen expanse before him. The flags beneath his feet were slippery with fungus, and the close decayed smell which hung about the place aroused a suspicion that the disused kitchens in their present condition could scarcely be conducive towards the good health of Master Everett in the Hall above. Onward, still onward, treading lightly, yet occasionally stumbling over pieces of rotten lumber, until an abrupt collision with the hard wall warned him that he could go no farther. Nothing daunted, Cunningham placed his hand upon the old stonework, and was about to continue his exploration, when his movements were checked by the appearance of an unexpected phenomenon. Far away in the direction from which he came, the speck of moonlight still spangled the floor; but now there hovered over it in the dark background a ruddy spot like a lurid evil star, making the cold glimmer of the moon look colder still. He was not long left in doubt as to the nature of this mysterious apparition, for the light began slowly to approach him, and a heavy step sounded on the stone floor. Cunningham thought of his pursuers, and instinctively clutched at his sword-hilt; but as the light gets nearer, he perceives that its bearer is alone.

'Hugh Everett!' he cries, starting joyfully forward.

'Halt there!' answers a harsh unknown voice. 'I know you, Walter Cunningham. Down with your weapon; surrender yourself!'

'Keep that word for your own crew,' retorted the Cavalier, shrewdly guessing who the speaker was. 'You are a liar; you do not know me. Put down that lamp, and come to knocks first.'

Drawing his sword in a moment, Brand rushed at the royalist, intending to overcome him ere any resistance could be offered. This movement, which had been anticipated, was now as promptly encountered. The Republican's thrust was nimbly avoided, and so severe a blow dealt him in return, that he was brought to his knees. But the victory was not yet won. Instantly recovering himself, Major Brand attacked his opponent with such determined ferocity, that it was only the state of partial darkness that saved the latter from almost certain defeat. Several slight flesh-wounds were both given and taken in the blind fury of the encounter, and Cunningham did not feel confident of coming off best man even while he grasped the trusty blade which had borne him company so long, when, as it suddenly snapped off close to his hand, there seemed but little doubt that they had come to the end of the

game. As a last chance, he threw aside the useless hilt, and flinging himself on his stalwart adversary, strove to bear him to the ground. Although a perfect match for his opponent in a general way, the serious disadvantages under which the Cavalier laboured forbade this present unequal combat being protracted to any length. Many severe privations and no little amount of fasting had reduced his strength to an unusually low ebb. Not so Major Brand; the Parliamentary bulldog was well fed and as powerful as a lion, and the desperate grapple must have ended by his eventually overcoming the obstinate resistance of Cunningham, had not an accident occurred which brought the duel to a sharp termination. As they wrestled and caught at each other, the Republican made a false step, slipped, and fell backwards, striking his head with terrific force upon the stone flags. The struggle was over.

Having satisfied himself that the vanquished man was not likely to make a speedy recovery, Cunningham took the lamp and proceeded to the disused chimney by which he had descended. On surveying the spot, he found that he must have unwittingly alighted in the centre of a huge fireplace, which had no doubt been used for cooking many mighty sirloins of beef in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' His late antagonist had evidently come down by easier means, for the end of a ladder let down by a couple of ropes was visible. It was these appliances which helped the Republican officer to prosecute his search, leaving Humphries meanwhile as a guard on Master Everett in the room above. Rightly guessing that assistance would be within hail, though the reason for his adversary's coming alone puzzled Cunningham not a little, he prudently decided to leave the place, if possible by a different way from which he came. With the Republican's sword he cut the ropes fastened to the ladder, and exerting all his strength, succeeded in carrying it from inside the chimney and placing it beneath the opening which he had noticed in the face of the wall. Returning after this to the still senseless Brand, he effected a partial change of clothing. He then ascended the ladder, and squeezing himself through the opening, which communicated with the level of the ground outside, stood out upon the soddened grass a free man. Turning himself, the fugitive royalist took one look at the old Hall, bathed in silvery moonlight, and with a mental hope that his movements would be unobserved, he strode away beneath the black shadow of the trees, leaving Cottle, as he thought, for ever.

Many years elapsed before Hugh Everett heard any tidings of the nocturnal visitor he received on that eventful night; and in the meantime he suffered greatly from his disinterested kindness. Although actual proof was wanting, suspicion pointed strongly at him as the aider and abettor of the Malignant Cunningham; and consequently a heavy fine was imposed, which ate up the greater part of the revenues of the manor of Cottle. Not until the Restoration, nearly nine years after the events we have recorded, did the two again behold each other; and by this time Walter Cunningham was high in favour with the restored king. Their meeting was one

long to be remembered; and Everett, as he gazed at his friend's face, felt that even those nine years of trouble had not been ill spent in securing his safety; while Cunningham (now Sir Walter), who brought with him an order from the Crown restoring everything that formerly appertained to the property, would have procured twenty such, had he been able, in return for the service rendered him on the night when he made acquaintance with the 'priest-hole' of Cottley.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FREE STATE OF THE CONGO.

In connection with the return of Mr H. M. Stanley to this country, and the publication of his book giving a record of his six years' labours on the Congo River, the notes by Mr E. Delmar Morgan, in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, possess considerable interest. We learn there the beginning of the movement which has secured for civilisation and commerce that immense territory in Western Africa called the Free State of the Congo.

Leopold II., king of the Belgians, who has all along shown a special passion for the study of geography and for tales of adventure and travel, invited, in September 1876, representative geographers to a conference in his royal palace, Brussels, to discuss the question of the exploration and civilisation of Africa by the opening-up of it to commerce and legitimate enterprise, and by the stamping out of the slave-trade. As a result of a three days' conference amongst these representative geographers from six European nations, an International African Association was formed. But as far as England was concerned, international co-operation was of short duration, the Royal Geographical Society preferring to pursue its own path of enterprise, which resulted in the 'African Exploration Fund,' by means of which Mr Keith Johnston, and his successor Joseph Thomson, were sent out to Africa.

The central committee at Brussels, over which the king of the Belgians presided, likewise organised from time to time seven large expeditions from the east coast towards Lake Tanganyika. The exploration of the Congo by Stanley gave a new direction to these efforts and called attention to the western coast; although this geographical feat cost twelve thousand pounds, besides the deplorable loss of one hundred and seventy-three lives.

In 1879, Mr Stanley went to the Congo as commander-in-chief of the International Association, with a view of opening up that river. It became necessary, as the undertaking developed, to obtain from the powers the recognition of the sovereign rights of the Society acquired by treaties from the native chiefs of the Congo, and these rights had to be defined in legal form. The President of the United States in 1884 was authorised to recognise the Society's flag as that of a friendly government, and France followed with this recognition. In the recent conference on West African affairs at Berlin, important regulations were laid down for the establishment of freedom of commerce in the basin of the Congo and outlying regions. The Congo State was

formally recognised; and its authority is now supreme over five thousand miles of navigable water. The Congo River is estimated as discharging into the ocean a tribute almost equal to the Nile and Mississippi taken together. There is an annual subsidy of forty thousand pounds in perpetuity from the king of the Belgians, to assist the revenue of the state, which is expected to be raised by rent for land leased to traders and others on the banks of the river, and by export duties. No toll or passage dues are levied, and there will be no import duties for twenty years to come. Natives and white men are placed upon the same footing; all religions are tolerated; while the slave-trade is proscribed. Treaties were at the same time concluded with England and the chief European nationalities to recognise its flag as a friendly state.

Mr Stanley, who has done so much to bring the affair to a successful issue, has been appointed governor; while there is a probability that King Leopold will assume the title of sovereign of the state. When properly developed, Mr Stanley considers that the Congo region—which, previous to the delimitation, was estimated as containing one million three hundred thousand square miles, and a population of about forty million souls—ought to yield a trade of one hundred million pounds. Treaties have been made with four hundred and fifty chiefs, who receive each an annual subsidy of ten pounds, on condition that they place no obstacle in the way of the free navigation of the river, and submit their disputes to arbitration. By the convention with Portugal, this power gets the south or left bank of the Congo for a distance of ninety miles from its mouth. Stations have now been built and established for nearly fifteen hundred miles into the centre of Africa, and in all probability railways will be made for its further development.

Who can forecast the future of this immense territory? How to gain new markets and what to do with our surplus population, are two problems of the age. The opening-up of regions like the above is one answer to them.

CYCLING.

While France and America have claimed the invention of the bicycle, there is also ground for believing that Scotland has some claim as its birthplace. As early as 1846, Mr Gavin Dalzell, merchant, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, a man of great mechanical talent, had a bicycle of his own invention in daily use. It went by the name of the 'Wooden Horse'; was made chiefly of wood, in a strong and substantial manner, the only considerable difference between this machine and an ordinary bicycle being that the steering-wheel was much larger than that in present use. The saddle was so low that the rider had both feet on the ground at starting. Stirrups of iron hung from the forepart of the saddle, which were connected by means of iron rods with the cranked axle of the driving-wheel. Previous to this invention, Dalzell had also constructed a triecycle, which was propelled in a very novel manner. Machines, called velocipedes, propelled by a treadle movement, and constructed chiefly of wood, were in use about 1850.

The immediate predecessor of the bicycle and tricycle in this country was the Dandy or Hobby-horse, in use about the beginning of the century, on which the rider used to sit and paddle himself along with feet on the ground. Through the ridicule of the caricaturists and for other reasons, it speedily fell into disuse. For the practical development of cycling we have to come to comparatively recent times. The crank-action having been introduced into machines made of iron in 1862 by M. Michaux, during the Paris Exhibition of 1867 the use of these machines had become fairly popular. Two Englishmen were one day admiring the evolutions of a velocipedist in the Luxembourg Gardens, when the desire for the possession of a machine occurred to both. One of these gentlemen, Mr Charles Spencer, author of *Bicycles and Tricycles Past and Present*, was then the amateur champion gymnast of England, and to him it is said belongs the honour of introducing the bicycle to London in 1868, where it attracted considerable attention. The successful introduction of the bicycle led to the invention and improvement of the tricycle; and now scarcely a season passes without some improvement in utility and good workmanship in connection with both machines.

While speed is affected a good deal by the state of the roads, the style of machine, the absence of a head-wind, and the practice of the rider, an amateur has been known to ride upwards of twenty miles in an hour. A tricyclist has been known to do one mile in three minutes thirty-four and a half seconds. Both the literature and the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles are now most extensive, and more than keep pace with the demand.

There is a Cyclists' Union, to which any rider, amateur or professional, is eligible on payment of one shilling. The Cyclists' Touring Club had increased to more than twelve thousand members in 1883.

The law as to cycling forbids riding upon any footway, pavement, or causeway set apart for foot-passengers; insists upon the carrying of a lamp while riding between sunset and sunrise; the sounding of a bell or whistle in passing carts, carriages, or horses, or in passing through the streets of a town; and the dismounting, where any horse is rendered restive and frightened. Two or more bicyclists shall not ride abreast when passing or meeting any vehicle or horseman.

SIR SPENCER WELLS ON CREMATION.

Sir Spencer Wells recently delivered an address at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, when the chair was taken by Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P. In the course of his address, Sir Spencer said that as to burial within our churches, abbeys, and cathedrals, he asked them to consider for a moment what incalculable advantages cremation would give over the present system of incasing the dead body in lead and oak and leaving it beneath the floor, where priests and people attending public worship were exposed to more or less danger for months or years from the poisonous emanations which must escape so long as more than the dry bones remained. Last Saturday the Lord Mayor was left in the crypt of St Paul's, his body to undergo slow decay,

with what amount of injury to Dean and Chapter or to successive congregations no one could tell. It might be small, it might be great, but dangerous it must be. Supposing that instead of placing the coffin in the crypt, at the same part of the burial service it had been passed into a crematory chamber and the remainder of the service had followed, by the time the funeral oration, or one of those eloquent sermons with which Canon Liddon kept congregations spell-bound for an hour, was over, and the concluding hymn had been sung, or the *Dead March* had been played, the silvery-white pure ash, which, after one short hour, was all that remained of a purified body, perfectly inoffensive to the living, might be left unchanged for centuries in any such cinerary urn as might be seen in the British Museum, beautiful in form, and with inscriptions which, as historical records, were incalculably more permanent than anything of modern fashion. What might St Paul's and Westminster Abbey be, if, instead of the coffins with their corrupting contents, occupying large space, and a source of danger to the living, we had the ashes only admitted, arranged in the urns along the sides of the cloisters, or in chapel or crypt, or beneath memorial windows, slabs, or brasses. We should have the same change in graveyards and cemeteries from danger and disgust to health and beauty, when the overcrowded cemeteries of to-day were converted into the God's-acre of the future.

ONE DOG SAVED BY ANOTHER.

We have received the following interesting narrative from a correspondent in Greenock, who thus writes: 'A remarkable case of life-saving by a dog occurred last summer in Greenock, in a timber pond attached to a sawmill. The strip of land upon which the sawmill is built presents a frontage of about fifty yards to the public street, and extends fully two hundred yards towards the Clyde. Two-thirds of the ground is wet ground—that is, ground entirely covered by water when the tide is in. Three sides of this portion are inclosed by a stout paling, through which inclosure the tide ebbs and flows. The fourth side is formed by a perpendicular embankment of four feet deep, which also forms the termination of the dry ground. The inclosure, or "pond" as it is called, is used for storing timber afloat. At high water, the floating timber and dry ground are nearly level. And as at the time of the following incident the pond was closely packed with timber, there seemed at high water to be little apparent difference between dry ground and wet ground.

'For several days two dogs of the bull-terrier kind, whose owners were at work in one or other of the adjoining shipyards, were enjoying themselves in their masters' absence by chasing each other in play, rushing impetuously hither and thither, sometimes along the street, occasionally making a dart into the yard round about the sawmill, and as suddenly disappearing again—out to the street, and up one of the many closes at hand. One of these charges led to a rather sudden and somewhat disastrous termination. It was high water. In at the gate of the sawmill premises rushed the two dogs, the one close at the heels of the other, across the

yard and on to the floating timber. One of them was soon made aware of the instability of its footing, by its slipping into the water between two logs which were floating a few inches apart. The two logs between which the dog fell were floating on their corners, and therefore formed a slope on each side like the letter V, which caused the dog to slip back into the water at every effort to scramble on to the top side of its temporary prison wall. Its more fortunate companion retreated to dry ground; but on seeing the struggles of its friend, it at once returned, and, by intelligent gesture, invited it to *terra firma*. The efforts of the unfortunate dog were of no avail; still it persevered, during which time the other had twice returned from and to dry land. On making the third visit, it seemed to grasp the situation, for with its teeth it at once caught its submerged companion by the back of the neck, and assisted so effectually as to enable it to scramble out of the water and join in another romp, but not within saw-mill premises. They were never afterwards seen within the gate, confining their fun to the streets on all subsequent occasions.

'It may be of interest to note that it was a male dog which fell into the water; the other, its rescuer, was of the gentler sex.'

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF COAL-GAS.

Mr Thomas Fletcher, Warrington, in speaking of 'Some Curious Properties of Coal-gas,' said that until lately people had been under the impression that gas was merely a means of obtaining light; and even for this purpose it had been, and still was wastefully used. Ordinary-sized sitting-rooms were sometimes lighted by three or four burners, each being inclosed with opal or ground-glass globes, which wasted about half the light. Now, his own sitting-room was very well lighted by one No. 8 Bray's burner. People were not generally aware that one large burner, consuming eight feet per hour, gave far more light than two separate burners each consuming four feet per hour; and that one burner without shade was about as good as two with opal or ground-glass globes. A burner if placed at such an angle as to give a flat or saucer-shaped flame, greatly increased the light, but was liable to smoke if turned low. In the case of smoking of ceilings, the gray or brown discoloration was, he thought, caused only by the dust in the air being more or less burnt, caught in the ascending current of hot air, and thrown against the ceiling.

Mr Fletcher evidently practises what he preaches, and the cooking, heating, and lighting in his own home are done by means of gas. In his house of fourteen rooms, with an average of ten persons, his gas bill in 1883 was twenty-one pounds, at three shillings and fivepence per thousand cubic feet. Of this sum, eight pounds went for lighting; three pounds ten shillings for cooking; one pound for bath-heating; and eight pounds ten shillings for gas-fires. The cooking and heating by gas saved him at least one servant, while his coal-bill averaged twenty-seven shillings for eighteen months. As to quality of cooking and convenience, there could be no possible comparison between gas and any known fuel. But Mr Fletcher admits that if we exclude the ques-

tion of labour and dirt, gas-fires are still more costly than coal; but their convenience, cleanliness, and perfect control over heat will more than outweigh this fact with many people.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It will be remembered that last year Mr Ellis Lever offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best safety-lamp for the use of miners. In the result, no lamp sent in for competition fulfilled the required conditions, so that the prize was not awarded. But we may be quite sure that the offer did much good in turning the attention of inventive brains to a much-wanted help to our poor miners. The same gentleman now offers a similar sum to the discoverer or the inventor of a safe and efficient substitute for gunpowder in mines. Unfortunately, gunpowder is cheap and does its work well; but there is little doubt that to it must be attributed many of those sad explosions by which, during the past twelve months, nearly five hundred lives have been lost in this country and abroad. Unless, therefore, the hoped-for discovery points to some substitute which is cheap as well as effective, we cannot hope that it will be received with any great favour. Some short time ago there were favourable reports published of the behaviour of the lime cartridge, which owes its efficiency to the addition of water instead of fire. This cartridge is of course above suspicion so far as explosion is concerned; but like many other so-called 'innovations,' it has not been generally adopted in our collieries. There are many who urge that the use of gunpowder in our mines should be rendered illegal; and although its abandonment would probably lessen the output, the workers would be relieved of one of the risks attending their unenviable lot.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr Comber gave an interesting account of his travels in the region of the Upper Congo. For the last eight years Mr Comber has been in Western Africa, originally going to the country as a medical missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society. With some of his unselfish brethren he pushed up the river for four hundred miles above Stanley Pool, covering a district never before explored except by Stanley himself. With regard to the health of Europeans in this country, he distinguished between the several sections of the river. In the delta and on the coast near the river there are large numbers of European traders from every country, who seem always well and to possess some charm against fevers. In the cataract region of the river, between Vivi and Stanley Pool, about two hundred Europeans had found their home during the past six years. Of these, perhaps twenty-five per cent. had died, generally from fever. Thirdly, the Europeans in the Upper Congo, numbering about thirty, have enjoyed good health. It is interesting to note that the steamer in which Mr Comber travelled was built at Messrs Thornycroft's works at Chiswick on the Thames, and was taken out in sections and put together on arrival at Stanley Pool.

According to the *New York Christian Union*, the small coin used in many parts of Mexico is of a somewhat peculiar character. It consists of small tablets of soap stamped with the government mark. These tablets can be used for washing purposes so long as the impression is not rendered illegible.

Another novelty which is common to the Mexican Indians is worthy of notice. These warriors, we are told, make a serviceable shield out of a blanket by wetting it and holding it by its upper edge to screen their bodies. A bullet in striking such an obstacle will not pierce it, but will merely cause it to sway back. The blankets are hand-woven and are very thick. A few experiments would soon determine the efficiency of this curious shield, which, if successful, might be utilised by our own troops.

A great many frauds have recently been perpetrated upon pawnbrokers and others by means of a new alloy made to imitate nine-carat gold. It is composed of copper, tin, and platinum, and will resist the ordinary acid test. When formed into coins it will agree in weight, and ring with genuine gold; and it is believed that a large number of spurious sovereigns are at the present moment in actual circulation, composed of this 'mystery gold,' as it is termed.

The lives of the poor horses upon the street tram-lines are hard and short. A very few years of the work—the hardest part of which is the effort necessary in starting the heavy vehicle into motion—renders them unfit for further service. All lovers of animals will therefore rejoice in the rapid adoption of steam in place of horse-power for this purpose. In many of our provincial towns the trams are entirely worked by this new form of iron-horse, which is as silent as its living prototype. Only last month the Wigan Tramway Company sold off its entire stock of horses. During the past three years their tramways have been worked by engines and horses jointly, and the experience thus gained has shown most conclusively that coal is cheaper than muscle. The Edinburgh Tramway Company would do well to make note of this, and thus put an end to the cruelty enacted day after day on the steep inclines of our northern capital.

The Exhibition of Amateur Photography in London proved to be so great an attraction that it was kept open for a fortnight longer than at first intended. The great number of pictures sent in for competition—nearly sixteen hundred—shows what a hold this beautiful art has taken upon the public taste. Many of the works shown were of the very highest class. The amateur with means and leisure has far better opportunities of gaining distinction in this art than the busy professional photographer, who must, to secure patronage, run in one groove and remain a fixture in his studio.

Now that it is possible to secure pictures of all kinds of objects in motion, from a flash of lightning to the glistening breaker on the seashore, appliances to make matters easy for the ubiquitous photographer are constantly being brought forward. One of the most ingenious of these is the Camera Clip, introduced by Messrs Oakley of Bermondsey, London. This is a little

contrivance with a clamp and a universal joint which will fit upon anything from a tricycle wheel (at rest) to the knifeboard rail of an omnibus. To this is readily screwed the photographic camera. The traveller can thus dispense with the cumbersome tripod stand, and can place his handy apparatus wherever he pleases.

A powerful hydraulic press has lately been constructed by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. for the purpose of compressing teak and making it hard and close-grained, so that loom shuttles can be constructed from it. The high price of boxwood, formerly used for this purpose, has rendered it necessary that some cheaper material should, if possible, be found which will answer the same end. The press subjects the teak to a pressure of about fourteen tons to the square inch. Under the operation, the wood becomes very dense, and is susceptible of a high finish. It would be interesting to know whether this compressed wood can be rendered serviceable for engraving purposes. Many woods have been experimented upon in this direction, owing to the high price of the boxwood ordinarily used, but with indifferent success. Many are of the opinion that automatically engraved blocks will presently reach such perfection that the art of the engraver will be lost. But those who are best qualified to give an opinion upon the subject acknowledge that much yet remains to be done before the wood-engraver finds his occupation gone.

Sixpenny—or rather half-franc—tickets are now issued at the Paris post-offices which entitle the holder to the privilege of five minutes' conversation per telephone with a friend at any other post-office or telephone station at a distance. Our own postal and telephone authorities would do well to make a note of this. Hitherto, they seem to have been at loggerheads with one another, and between the two stools the public interest has fallen to the ground. It is certain that our telephone system is at present far too exclusive, and the Companies will soon find out, as the railway Companies have already done, that in serving the interests of the masses, they will best serve their own.

Some interesting particulars have lately been published relative to the durability of different kinds of leather for bookbinding purposes, based on observations recorded in the Printed-book department of the British Museum. Like most other things in this age of rapid production and cheap manufacture, the quality of English leather has deteriorated during the past hundred years. Processes have been introduced for tanning leather quickly, and the resulting material has suffered. Morocco leather, made from the hides of the sheep, the goat, and the seal, is the most durable. These skins are tanned with sumach, a plant which is common in South America as well as in Southern Europe. Next to morocco comes roan in point of durability; but it will be a surprise to many to find that the so-called Russian leather is the least lasting of any. Among the curiosities of binding in the Museum are—a book bound in deerskin, dated 1485, still in good condition; one bound in the skin of the kangaroo; and several in tanned pigskin, all of which have lasted well.

A new method of packing materials which

are liable to injury by contact with the air has been published by an American paper. It is there stated that a German firm supplies different chemicals, chloride of lime, for instance, treated in the following manner. The material is wrapped in strong paper and sealed up. The package is then immersed for a moment in a bath of resin which is just warm enough to keep it in the liquid state. Another outside coating of paper completes the operation. It is obvious that many perishable commodities—deliquescent salts and the like, which are now supplied in bottles—could be conveniently treated in the same manner.

The powerful antiseptic action of perchloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) has of late years attracted much attention. Dr Sternberg has in recent Reports to the American Public Health Association given the results of his observations upon the efficiency of the salt, which confirm previous experiments. He asserts that an aqueous solution of the mercuric salt in the proportion of one in ten thousand is strong enough to insure the destruction of microscopic germs in active growth not containing spores; and that if the proportion be increased to one in one thousand, it destroys the spores too, provided that its action is continued for a certain period. The stronger solution is also a reliable agent for the disinfection of bedding, for the washing of floors and walls of infected rooms, for the hands and instruments of surgeons, and for the treatment of wounds. But for continuous application to wounds, the weaker solution is preferable. For the thorough disinfection of offensive discharges and any fluid material supposed to contain disease germs, he recommends a solution of one in five hundred, containing the same quantity of potassium permanganate (Condy's fluid). In all cases, these mixtures require a certain definite time during which they must be allowed to act, or they will not effect the purpose in view.

Mr Samuel Morley has recently, in a lecture to villagers, endeavoured to urge upon the labouring classes the advantage and economy of a vegetable diet, especially for children. The *Lancet* in commenting upon this indorses Mr Morley's remarks, and points out that a child's body, consisting as it does principally of fluid and fatty components, and, in a comparatively moderate degree, of active muscular tissues, requires a nourishment which goes rather more to the building-up of its constituents than to the supply of their functional expenditure; so that the child requires inert materials, such as bread, vegetables, &c., for the laying-on of substance, far more than meat. It is pointed out, too, that a child's food must be abundant, and this in poor homes is, of course, far easier of attainment with vegetables than with meat at its present price.

There have been in past times many attempts to acclimatise the tea-plant in Italy; and the French consul at Naples has, in his last Report, given several interesting particulars relative to them. Hitherto these attempts have only resulted in failure, although in some few districts plants have been grown in the open and have thriven for a short time. The government are, however, not discouraged by previous disappointment; and the Italian Minister of Agriculture has sent a large

order to Japan for material wherewith to try fresh experiments. This course has been taken at the instance of Professor Beccari, who has studied the growth of the tea-plant in the countries in which it is indigenous. He is of opinion that previous failures in Italy have been due to errors in culture. For instance, the plants have been reared in the shade; whilst in India and China they are planted on open ground in the full blaze of the sun. The soil, too, in which the plants are grown should contain a large proportion of sand and oxide of iron. Professor Beccari believes if these and other details of culture be attended to, and if the plants to be imported are brought from the coldest provinces of Japan, that Italian growers will meet with success in their next attempts.

In 1877, a circular was issued to the railway Companies by the Board of Trade, pointing out that three-fourths of the railway accidents reported to the Board were traceable to the want of continuous brakes. The Board further pointed out the conditions essential for a good continuous brake—namely, that it should be efficient in stopping trains, instantaneous in action, self-acting in case of accident; that it should be regularly used, made of durable materials, and easily kept in order. A return has just been made by the railway Companies, in accordance with the Act of 1878, respecting the use of continuous brakes on their various lines. From this we gather that the total amount of rolling-stock fitted with continuous brakes up to the end of last year was seventy-four per cent. of engines and seventy-seven per cent. of vehicles. The entire stock of the Metropolitan district line is fitted with the Westinghouse brake. The G. N. R., the L. N. W., the L. B. and S. C., the N. E., the N. London, the Metropolitan, and various Scotch lines are among the other Companies who deserve honourable mention in complying with the conditions of the Board of Trade circular.

Mr Mattieu Williams, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says: "The Report of Dr Sprague on 'marbled beef' assures us that cattle-breeders can manufacture this novelty if the public will purchase it, and speaks of rearranging the distribution of fat and lean as freely as a manufacturer of wall-papers or a calico-printer may rearrange his blocks to bring out new patterns for the forthcoming season. As the *Times* remarks: 'The stockyard has become a sculptor's studio, in which living matter is moulded according to the artist's discretion.' Instead of placing the fat of our prize cattle in huge unmanageable lumps as heretofore, we are to have it regularly interlarded with the muscular fibres and fascicles, forming marbled, ribbon-patterned, streaky beef; and this is to be effected by scientific feeding and the survival of the fittest; by faithful and vigorous application of Darwinian principles. The *Times* tells us that 'the most splendid marbling is as fleeting as beauty in general, and will not survive discomforts,' that the marbled cattle must not be subjected to the hardships of a sea-voyage, and therefore we must do our marbling at home. This conclusion, however, is liable to serious modification, now that the problem of importing slaughtered

meat in prime condition has been practically solved.

A contemporary has recently pointed out a curiosity of commerce in the fact that the major portion of the produce exported from South Africa is used for the adornment of the fair sex, and becomes visible in the form of diamonds and ostrich feathers. These articles of luxury indeed account for five millions out of the sum of seven and a half millions which represents the value of the exports. Twenty years ago the diamond fields of South Africa were unknown. Now Kimberley alone rejoices in a population which takes annually a million sterling in wages, all earned in digging out the precious gems. During the past fifteen years about forty million pounds-worth of diamonds have been won from Mother Earth in these fields; representing, when cut and offered for sale in the jewellers' shops, considerably more than double that vast sum.

There is, at the time we write, every reason to hope that a threatened war between this country and another power has been happily averted. But the rumour of such a calamity, although it paralyses trade and does much harm in other ways, is often productive of good in the shape of valuable suggestions, which otherwise would never have been made. For instance, it has lately been proposed that by international understanding, every fleet or squadron should be accompanied by a 'Red Cross' ship, whose duty it would be to rescue drowning men and to succour the wounded. The rescued ones would be considered prisoners of war, and would eventually be given over to the victorious side. This suggestion needs no comment. In these days of torpedoes, rams, and heavy guns—which between them can sink a fleet in a very short time—such a humane provision becomes a positive necessity.

Another very good suggestion is, that Eddystone lighthouse should be at once placed in telegraphic communication with Plymouth, from which town it is distant some ten miles. By this provision, timely warning could be given of the approach of a hostile fleet. But even in times of peace, a cable between the outlying lighthouse and the shore would be of immense service, and would soon pay the expense of its installation. It seems rather surprising that the wire has not been laid down long ago.

The news that England has added to her vast dominions a coaling station at Port Hamilton, in the island of Quelpart, will cause many people to ask where that place happens to be. The island lies off the eastern shores of Asia, and is sixty miles distant from the southern coast of Corea. It is of volcanic origin; about forty miles in length by seventeen in width at its broadest part. The highest point of the island is six thousand five hundred feet; and the rocks are so white as to have the appearance of being covered with snow. The place is fertile, well populated, and its scenery is most beautiful. The people carry on a flourishing industry in the manufacture of straw-plaited hats; but they bear a bad name, chiefly in consequence of the island having been used more than once as a penal settlement by the Korean government. By the posses-

sion of this coaling station, England materially strengthens her hands in the far eastern seas.

In this *Journal* for 11th October occurred an article on Burns and Scalds, recommending Carron oil, a compound of olive oil and lime-water. A correspondent suggests an improvement even upon this well-known recipe. He says: 'My father prepared this oil fifty years ago, but he always used raw linseed oil, with the addition of a small quantity of turpentine, say a teaspoonful to a six-ounce or eight-ounce bottle. I do not think there can be a better remedy for burns and scalds. The turpentine is a marvellous improvement in allaying the pain; and it is very desirable that the remedy should be made known as widely as possible.'

TO NELLY.

THE rose, alas! shall bloom to fall,
The tree that bore it, pass away;
And Time, who pilfers joys from all,
May stamp those features with decay.
Though age may dim that bright blue eye,
For me its charm will ne'er be lost;
Cares may increase as years roll by,
But I shall never count the cost.

The tree with tott'ring limbs is left,
Its woes upon the breeze to wail;
The boughs, of all their leaves bereft,
Shall cringe before the winter's gale:
And years may ridge that marble brow,
And all its clust'ring locks derange;
You will be lovely then, as now,
For I shall never mark the change.

Nor can I e'er forget the day
When, hopes defeated, heart depressed,
You charmed the bitter sting away,
And filled my soul with peace and rest.
Ah, no! I never can forget
The cheering smile, the welcome word,
The eye that glistened when we met,
The voice by sweet compassion stirred.

That voice shall yet retain its power
When all its silver tone has fled;
That smile shall cheer the dulllest hour,
Though all its former light be sped.
Let every fickle charm depart,
If Fate perchance be so inclined:
While yet remains the kindly heart,
The dearest gift is left behind!

FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

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2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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